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~~Nantes~~ ~~as an illustration of the duties of an English~~
~~Representative of the Provincial Council of the French Republic~~
Bradford,

"I have described Nantes as a town of many virtues,
I feel that much yet remains to be said on the
subject. In the first place, though the Bank
Holiday Act & the early closing movement have
in some ways given the English clerk, artisan,
& labourer an advantage over his French fellows
in others the latter are by far the most privileged
of the two. As is to be expected in a democratic
country instruction & amusement are
more equally distributed. . . . Our
workmen get higher wages & more holidays,
but alas! of what avail are these without
the opportunities of fitly employing them? . . .
"The French workman. - why should
not the English do so? - does really
improve the opportunities of instruction
held out to him, & will greedily seize upon
intellectual amusement & recreation
if put in his way"

"The principle of centralization does not exist
to anything like the same extent as with
us. If we want to read at a library or
study a certain Science, we have to go to London,
but at Nantes, a city of 118,000 & odd
inhabitants, we find every opportunity of
instruction the ordinary student may require."

from A Year in Western France.

by Mr. Belham Edwards.

We have ventured to cite this passage ^{because} ~~from~~
the Author's ~~own~~ ^{notice} ~~discriminating & charming~~ account
of the cities ~~and~~ ^{of} districts of Western France ^{which}
a most interesting question. ~~It is left~~ ^{with}

then into a gentle wave-like crest; you may count at least a dozen lines of fell reaching away from you to the dark points on the back-ground, each ridge higher than the last; everything more like a billowy sea of mountains it is impossible to imagine: there are the enormous dip of the trough, the long billow, the wave-like crest in the very act to break - magically transfigured & transfigured into stable land. You look round in vain for a dwelling or even a tree to break the illusion; a few "laiths", sparsely scattered groups of cattle are the only signs of human occupation.

The Ribble itself plays but an insignificant part in this fine panorama - a feeble stream between low, flat, rough banks.

Recently you are at Ribble-head, where there is a solitary inn, where the lover of moor & mountain may have the world to himself; may breathe such air as one gets at the Hattthad, & may see the sun make a sudden plunge behind Wharfedale which fills the western horizon - a long huge mass which brings you to the world's end - for what can there be behind that mighty wall?

Wharfedale commands the situation here: Pen-y-fent, dwindled into insignificance, is behind you: Loughborough is close within a stone's throw it seems, but it is oddly dwarfed into the neatest, most compact little hill which ^{think} you could

Could ascend in ten minutes & walk round in ten minutes more, edged with a top as straight as if it had been levelled with a ruler.

One sees in all the greater heights the platform formation which Ruskin notices in the Alps. Whermide rises tier above tier, but you may look at the mountains without noticing the fact - because the table on one platform comes pretty near the edge of the last. But the top table of Ingleborough is planted a long way from the edge, & surrounded by a sharply marked terrace, hence, this mountain has a more distinctive form than any other of the chain. Its curious dwarfed aspect we get at Long Riddlehead is due to the fact - that the observer is at a great elevation, but his standpoint appears to abut against Ingleborough leaving out of view the valley which yawns between.

There, in that peat-moss at your feet, is one source of the Ribble, & further off, in the wilds known as Dodd Fell, is another source, neither of them interesting to behold; indeed, there are innumerable sources, for many springs to form each. But there are no bubbling sparkling springs sending forth babbling brooks; they are simply the overflow of the surcharged moss, which works out a way for itself through the peat, & clothes pretty much like a cutting for drainage purposes.

A short tramp over the spongy moss will bring you to the source of the Wharfe, & a long tramp to those of the Aire. The walking is not delightful, but you are in the midst of wide yellowy moors, barren, uncuttable - flecked with cloud shadows which lie like

As you pass, warm with hidden waters, & drenched by rain, & frozen with snow, from Indian like misty air.

Sketches in Yorkshire: Historical & Descriptive.

Horton in Ribblesdale,

Leaving the ^{wooded} green & fertile basin in which Settle lies, ~~we follow~~ we follow the Ribbles up into the bare moorlands: here the clustered trees are sparsely scattered; the wide, heaving moors swell on all sides; ~~of yew, & holly~~ ^{of yew, & holly} you are, ~~on a sudden~~ ^{regarded as an artificial} rampart, as the mountains, the backbone of the ^{northern} Ribbles ^{England} itself, here, is not picturesque. A broad shallow bed full of shingle shows what the river is in flood, but today a narrow beck creeps stealthily through the broad channel. On either hand are pastures fringed by green 'foss' - the second grass crop ^{of produce} which the land is usually measured. A notice-board stating that the Horton in Ribbles fishery is preserved indicates trout; but ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} an over-hanging cliff or stretch of wooded bank is here to tempt the angler who has a soul for more than trout.

old-

Your eye is caught by a quaint, grey village in the heart of the valley, ^{out of} ~~from~~ which rises the mouldering tower of a grey old church. This is Horton: the church is worth a visit, & the sexton is worth interviewing. He does not see any circular arch, & round & octagonal pillars, fragments of zig-zag & tooth moulding

(shone)

not - as if it rested with parents to choose whether
they shall educate their children or not. The word is
inadequate; indeed, we have neither word nor phrase
to express all that is included in education;
but the fact is constant: parents can no more
cease from educating their children than
they can cease from taking breath. A harsh
word, a kiss, a picture, a flower, are so much
education: parents cannot choose but
educate their children, but they ~~can~~ choose how
they will do it. And face to face with all that
must come of education, for better or worse, few
parents will be satisfied with the casual way
in which it is easiest to bring up children.
Mrs. Sinclair, a charming young mother, says
naively, "I don't think mothers ought to teach their
own children: they will ^{any} be wise, when you
let cross, when they don't care for you any
more!" She is quite consistent. She & her ch.
are always sweet together. She lets them have
their own way, with the tacit understanding that
if they are 'wise' they will be left with their
nurses. They are lovely children, & have little
flattering worldly-wise arts by which they make
themselves pleasant to outsiders, & except
for mischief in the nursery, which comes to nothing
they dance & swim through life with no
more training than if they were company of
J. B. ^{street} ~~Barnard's~~ valets. Later, circumstances will
lick them into shape; but they can always
fall back on the shipy-ways of their childhood,
& seem as good as the occasion requires.
The

The world will never be much the better for the little sinclairs; they can hardly become better than their parents, & unless lips deal harshly with them, they will almost-certainly be worse; more selfish, more slothful, more false.

But few parents are on lines of personal vanity & indolence. Parents love their children & labour for them, but must work according to knowledge; & the incapable, inconsequent, ineffectual human beings with whom the world is flooded are commonly the direct product of the un-instructed parental love in which we plume ourselves.

Those of us who have had anyhand in technical training, or in preparing young persons for any special calling